

A N
O D E
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F

Mr. P E L H A M. (Right Hon. H.)

By E. Moore.

An honest man's the noblest work of God!

POPE.

L O N D O N,

Printed : And Sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in
Pater-noster-Row. MDCCLIV.

(Price Six Pence.) •

THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE



THE

O D E
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
Mr. P E L H A M.

L E T others hail the *rising* sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night;
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,
Made peaceful nature round us smile
With calm, but chearful light.

No

No bounty past provokes my praise,
 No future prospects prompt my lays,
 From real grief they flow ;
 I catch th'alarm from *Britain's* fears,
 My sorrows fall with *Britain's* tears,
 And join a nation's woe.

See---as you pass the crowded street,
 Despondence clouds each face you meet,
 All their lost friend deplore :
 You read in ev'ry pensive eye,
 You hear in ev'ry broken sigh,
 That PELHAM is no more.

If thus each *Briton* be alarm'd,
 Whom ~~but~~ his distant influence warm'd,
 What grief their breasts must rend,
 Who in his private virtues blest'd,
 By nature's dearest ties possess'd
 The HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND.

What!

What! mute ye bards?---no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,

To crown the good and just?

Your flow'rs in warmer regions bloom,

You seek no pensions from the tomb,

No laurels from the dust.

When pow'r departed with his breath,

The sons of flatt'ry fled from death:

Such insects swarm at noon.

Not for herself my muse is griev'd,

She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,

One ministerial boon.

For what peculiar strange offence,

Have we incens'd Omnipotence,

To blast our coming *May*?

Is it a warning to the times?

Is it a punishment for crimes?

That PELHAM's snatch'd away?

B

Uncheck'd

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
 When vice triumphant rears her head,
 Vengeance can sleep no more ;
 The *evil* angel stalks at large,
 The *good* submits, resigns his charge,
 And quits th'unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn * to Church and State
 (So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
 A double stroke was giv'n ;
 Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
 St. J--n's fell *genius* issu'd forth,
 And PELHAM's fled to heav'n !

By angels watch'd in *Eden's* bow'rs,
 Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,
 Nor guilt nor pain they knew ;
 But on the day which usher'd in
 The *hell-born train* of mortal sin,
 The heav'nly guard withdrew.

Look

* The 6th of *March*, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the Works of a late Lord, and the death of Mr. PELHAM.

Look down, *much honor'd Shade*, below!

Still let thy pity aid our woe ;

Stretch out thy healing hand ;

Resume those feelings, which on earth

Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,

And fav'd a sinking land.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,

The breasts of all thy friends : descry

What *there* has got possession.

See if thy unsuspecting heart,

In some for truth mistook not art,

For principle, profession.

From these, the pests of human kind,

Whom royal bounty cannot bind,

Protect our parent King :

Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,

Drag forth the vipers into light,

And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honors share,
 Again exert thy guardian care,
 Each venom'd heart disclose ;
 On *Him*, on *Him*, our all depends,
 Oh save him from his treach'rous friends,
 He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,
 Still let thy prudence be his guide,
 To stem the troubled wave ;
 But chiefly whisper in his ear,
 " That *GEORGE* is open, just, sincere,
 " And dares to scorn a knave."

No selfish views t'oppress mankind,
 No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
 To purchase fame with blood ;
 Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat ;
 Convinc'd that to be truly great,
 Is only to be *good*.

To

To hear no lawless passions call,
 To serve thy King, yet feel for all,
 Such was thy glorious plan!
 Wisdom with gen'rous love took part,
 Together work'd thy head and heart,
 The *Minister* and *Man*.

Propitious heav'n extend thy care,
 Accept a suppliant nation's pray'r,
 A nation's loss supply ;
 To us another PELHAM give,
 Who may like him *applauded* live,
 Like him *lamented* die.

F I N I S.

[9]

To hear no lawless passions call,
To serve thy King, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan;
Wisdom with generous love took part,
Together work'd thy head and heart;
The Minister and Man.

Propitious heav'n extend thy care,
Accept a suppliant nation's prayer,
A nation's loss supply;
To us another Parham give,
Who may like him applaud'd live,
I like him lament'd die.

F I W I S

